Theſe letters will reſolue him of my minde.
Farewell. *Exeunt.*

Enter Buckingham to execution.

Buc. Will not king Richard let me ſpeake with him.
Rat. No my Lord, therefore be patient.
Buck. Haſtings, and Edwards children, Riuers, Gray,
Holie king Henrie, and thy faire ſonne Edward,
Vaughan, and all that haue miſcarried,
By vnderhand corrupted, foule iniuſtice,
If that your moodie diſcontented ſoules,
Do throgh the clouds behold this preſent houre,
Euen for reuenge, mocke my deſtruction.
This is Alſoules day fellowes, is it not?
Rat. It is my Lord.
Buc. Whie then Alſoules day, is my bodies domeſday:
This is the day, that in king Edwards time,
I wiſht might fall on me, when I was found,
Falſe to his children, or his wiues allies:
This is the day, wherein I wiſht to fall,
By the falſe faith, of him I truſted moſt:
This, this Alſoules day, to my fearefull ſoule,
Is the determind reſpit of my wrongs:
What high al-ſeer, that I dallied with,
Hath turnd my fained prayer on my head,
And giuen in earneſt what I begd in ieaſt.
Thus doeth he force the ſwords of wicked men.
To turne their owne pointes, on their maiſters boſome:
Now Margarets curſe, is fallen vpon my head,
When he quoth ſhe, ſhall ſplit thy heart with ſorrow.
Remember, Margaret was a Propheteſſe,
Come ſirs, conuey me to the blocke of ſhame,
Wrong hath but wrong, and blame the dew of blame.

Enter Richmond with drums and trumpets.

Rich. Fellowes in armes, and my moſt louing friends,
Bruiſd vnderneath the yoake of tyrannie,
Thus farre into the bowels of the land,
Haue we marcht on without impediment.
And here receiue we, from our Father Stanlie,

Lines of faire comfort, and incouragement,
The wretched, bloudie, and vſurping bore,
That ſpoild your ſummer-fields, and fruteſull vines,
Swils your warme bloud like waſh, and makes his trough,
In your inboweld boſomes, this foule ſwine,
Lies now euen in the center of this Ile,
Neare to the towne of Leyceſter as we learne:
From Tamworth thither, is but one daies march,
In Gods name cheere on, couragious friends,
To reape the harueſt of perpetuall peace,
By this one bloudie triall of ſharpe warre.
1. *Lo.* Euerie mans conſcience is a thouſand ſwords,
To fight againſt that bloudie homicide.
2. *Lo.* I doubt not but his friends will flie to vs.
3. *Lo.* He hath no friends, but who are friends for feare,
Which in his greateſt need will ſhrinke from him.
Rich. All for our vantage, then in Gods name march,
True hope is ſwift, and flies with ſwallowes wings,
Kings it make Gods, and meaner creatures kings.

Enter King Richard, Norffolke, Ratcliffe, Catesbie, with others.

King. Here pitch our tents, euen here in Boſworth field,
Whie, how now Catesbie, why looke ſt thou ſo ſad?
Cat. My heart is ten times lighter then my lookes.
King. Norffolke, come hither.
Norffolke, we muſt haue knockes, ha, muſt we not?
Norff. We muſt both giue, and take my gracious Lord.
King. Vp with my tent there, here will I lie to night,
But where to morrow, well all is one for that:
Who hath diſcried the number of the foe.
Norff. Six or ſeuen thouſand is their greateſt number.
King. Why our battailon trebels that account,
Beſides, the kings name is a tower of ſtrength,
Which they vpon the aduerſe partie want,
Vp with my tent there, valiant gentlemen,
Let vs ſuruey the vantage of the field,
Call for ſome men of ſound direction,
Lets want no diſcipline, make no delay,